It's just lovely!"

what's the matter we'll give you one dish

"No," said Patsy. "I guess not. I want

Story of Patsy and the Ice Cream Party

at last school was done. Patsy went home to hunt up a last Summer's cotton dress. Her new ones weren't finished, and her shirtwaist and woolen skirt were

hot and sticky.
The cotton dress was pretty short, and the back buttons nearly burst with the strain: In fact, small chunks of Patsy came through the spaces between the buttons. But it was a cotton dress, and

that made Patsy feel much cooler. When she went downstairs, she found Jim and Pedro and Walter Sheppard and George Martin in a deep and important conference on the side porch.

They stopped talking quite suddenly when Patsy appeared, and so she knew

that something was up.
"What y'u goin' to do?" she inquired. "Am, go on away, Patsy," said Jim rossly, "you're always in the way, Mam-ma wants you, you know she does." But Patsy know quite well that her mother was not at home. "You're all right, Patsy," said George Martin, "But there are some things girls don't know and carr's appreciate."

don't know and can't appreciate At that brilliant remark the three boys

red long and loud.

*stay's face flamed a second. Then
took a good bite of her lip and kept back some pretty mean remarks. Turning quickly, she went into the house and took

prence and went down the street, with Pedro at their needs. Later they re-turned with their hands full of bundles, and Patsy guessed the whole story Mrs. Newton had given them permission to make fee cream, and they meant to keep

all of it for themselves.

all of it for themselves.

It was harder than ever then not to say mean things and not to feel that her mother had aided in a very mean trick. However, it wasn't the first time the boys had been nasty to her, though lots of times she had tried to be decent to them. Five minutes passed, 10 minutes passed, 20 minutes, and still the treezer went round and round. Occasionally Patsy could hear axelamations of heat and exould hear axclamations of heat and ex

There's something the matter with the

There was a stir and fuss and much talking. Then Jim came into the parior.

have a most magnificent and atupendous form of amusement. It is that of setting elephants to fight.

and I was lucky enough to witness one of these spectacles a few years ago. Not every elephant can be trained to

fight. The only ones that are used are

young bulls, and they are fed in such a way that they go "musth" or "bad"

at certain times of the year. Rogue elephants, which are wild elephants

that have been driven away from their

nerds because of their quarrelsome

disposition, also serve as fighting elephants when the natives are lucky

enough to catch one, which is not

Each fighting elephant has his own keeper and a whole staff of boy attendants, so that the annual cost of sup-

porting a fighter is about \$1000. Special arenas are maintained for the fights. They are oblong, and the walls

are of thick masonry. At each of the smaller ends is a vast gate. The walls

have openings every few feet, which are just large enough to let & man slip through. These are for the escape of

the men in the arena should an cle

After the Rajah had taken his seat.

the great army of native spectators crowded to the tops of the walls and looked down into the arens. Suddenly one of the gates opened and in came a

mighty tusker, roaring and trumpet-ing. Immense chains were fastened to his legs, and more than a hundred coolies held on to these, while a ma-

houl, armed with a great lance, prod-ded him continually to make him obey. The magry elephant was forced to the side of the wall. Coolies reached

through the narrow openings in the mesonry and seized the chains that held him. Then the other coolies fied. Now a band of elephant fighters

leaned into the arena and surrounded

phant charge them



"Out," replied Patsy, not looking up from her book, "When'll she be back?"

"I dunno," said Patsy coolly. Jim hesitated a minute.

re cream," he said at last,

"Say, Patey," he mid finally, "I'll makes had talked about the things "girls don't a bargain with you. It you'll tell us know and can't appreciate." thus "saved his bacon" geveral times. Nobody was killed at the affair that I The Ponderous Elephant as a Trained Fighter

saw. But they told me that lots of men and elephante were killed each year. I am glad that I was spared such a sight, and I'm glad that elephant fights m'dn't be permitted in our own country, wouldn't care to see another, exciting

mark, for the boys knew quite well that a great deal of their muscle had gone for

"To tell honest true. Mrs. Newton,"
George Marrin said, "we didn't put any
sait in the ice, and if it hadn't been

for Patsy's telling us we'd a been turn-

ing yet. You see there's some things girls seem to know that they're born knowin. I never could just see why it wasn't the same with boys."

Mrs. Newton laughed. Way down in the bottom of her heart Patsy smiled a double smile. She remembered how George

Like an Owl, Sees Only at Night

N a dark and squalld kitchen of a one-story house built on the edge pasture land off the highways in Cheshire, lives a strange recluse, a former Illinoisan, Henry Wolcott, known in Cheshire as 'the human owl.' He is the last of his race and a descend-ant of the famous Wolcott family, of Massachusetts and Connecticut.

Unable to distinguish near-by objects in daylight, but seeing plainty and without difficulty at night, Wolcott has turned day into night, and after night has settled he goes forth into the vil-lage for his supplies, or takes long walks through the fields and along the river. He is a nimred and in season makes excursions to Cheshire reservoir for bullheads and seis. Daybreak finds him back in his little house to again await the coming on of night. Although it is a strange affliction the

people of Cheshire have ceased to won der at it. All admit that he is appar-nitly almost sightless in broad daylight. In his younger days he was one of the beaux of Cheshire. Well educated, a charming conversationalist, refined in bearing, a fine dancer, he was present at all of the entertainments of the village, the leader of a gay set of young

men.
Today he lives in poverty and alone.
Few visif his habitation. He has entirely gone out of the village life, and
the occasional appearance of the poorly
clothed, sightless old man passes with-

Wolcott built the house where he with his fellows, and the spot he sought although within ten minutes of the vilthe old man to pass weeks without be ing disturbed by passers-by. He apparently shuns companionship. Once in a while he goes out and meets a few of his old acquaintances and to them talks of old days when he was a part of the life in Cheshire. Then he will retire again and will not be seen

for weeks.

The house shows evidence of disuse and decay. Outbuildings are falling to ruin. Every window in the structure is curtained with heavy paper to exclude the light. Inside, over the one serviceable door in the little shanty, hangs a heavy blanket to keep out light. for weeks.

His one living-room is the kitchen. It is so dark that an object across the little \$x10 apartment cannot be distinguished by a visitor. Here the "human owl" sit day in and day out, smoking a short black pipe and awaiting the a short black pape and awaring coming on of night, when, in pleasant weather. Welcott sallies forth for supplies or to visit one or more acquaintances with whom he keeps up a desultances with whom he keeps up a desultances with whom he keeps up a desultance with a supplier and the supplier with the supplier and the suppl tory touch to learn what is going on in

the village and the world.

Afflicted by a strange change of vision a dozen years ago. Wolcott now sees distinctly only at night. The rays, attention to Ada, and Master Webster, of the sun are painful to his optic not to be outdone, wrote notes to little pletely blind for days at a time.

has been "moonstruck," a lunar torment which once settled on a being is never removed. Others say that there is nothing more the matter with Walcott than that he has lived alone for years, has been improperly nourished and that a youthful breast bodlly weakness resulting has first attacked his eyes, which happened to be go without askin the weakest part.

Your Eye Will Fool You.

The next time your "crowd" is around you just say: "None of you have an eye that is any good. I guarantee that not a single eye in the crowd can see straight." Of course the challenge will be taken up.

Story of Turco, the Turtle and Pedro

"No," said Patsy. "I guess not. I want share and share alike."
"That's too much," declared Jim, starting away. He took a few steps, then turned again.
"Well, come on," he said, "Only you don't draw any unless you can tell why the cream's all soft."
Away they sped to the steps. It was pretty measy looking with the bowks in which they had mixed the cream and the fruit baskets in which the berries had come all lying about soaked with water from the ice. He and Pedra, the Other Turtle, had started out that morning to see

The Biggest Buil Frog down in the sunny marsh where they were all hatched had told them of a wide river to which he had journeyed once, where cream was still quite liquid.

"Did you put in plenty of sait?" she to see all these things for themselves. great boats were calling up and down; asked. 'Salt?' they cried to chorus "What where home and mother were, and they paddled through the mud puddles along

do you want sait for?"

It didn't take very long to find a jar of the coarse kind in the woodshed and to remove it with only a slight protest from Josephine. After ten busy minutes the edge, where the tadpoles were knock-ing their heads tagether; then they from Josephine. After ten busy minutes the cream was so hard that the handle would hardly turn.

Fatsy got out the plates and apoons. Waiter Sheppard took off the cover. My! but it did look good! The fruit was besten all through it and frozen as even and smooth as actin. climbed the grassy bank.
It was then that they began to be tired

Now, you know there are three kinds of tired. First is the Cross-tired stage, and Turco and Pedra had a fight at the top of the bank, and Pedra got very mad indeed, and said she wouldn't go any farther with such a snapping old turtle as Turco. and smooth as satin.

As they got the first mouthful into their hungry mouths Mrs. Newton came as Turco.

Really, it was just her way of crawling out of a difficulty. She was beginto the side door. "Well, well," she said. "So it's all

ning to feel that home, and mother ning to feel that home, and mother were better than seeing the world, and crawling down a bank is easier than crawling up. Besides, she wanted to feel the cool water swashing against her shell again. So Pedra turned tail, and left Turco to trudge on atone.

Soon after she left him Turco reached the Billy-tired stage. He laughed most loudly as he thought of Pedra walking up that bank for nothing, and then slinking back like a coward.

Then he tried to dance a little to make believe he was not tired, but that only Mrs. Newton looked dubiously at the mess around the freezer and was about to refuse. However, when she saw how very urgent the invitation was each con-sented to take some off Patay's plate and then to have one of her own.
"It really is delicious," she said. "You must have put a lot of good things and plenty of muscle into it."

A moment's affence followed this re-

believe he was not tired, but that only made him tireder, and in a few minutes he had reached the Dumb-tired stage. He trundled along over the dry earth. and oh! how hard and hot it was He stepped in the grass by the side of the road, and that was cooler, but it was harder traveling. Great clumps of clover would get in his way and bould-ers so big that he had to walk around

made up his mind to find that river.

Then he found himself in front of the biggest boulder yet.

He started wearily around and ran into something pink and soft and warm. It was a Boy's foot. But Turco did not

the was a Boy's foot. But furey do not know what a boy was.
"Ouch!" said the Boy, and he jumped off the bounder where he was sitting. "Look, Margy! A snapping turtle." "Let's get him for the Aduarium," said Little Sister.
"All right, but I'm kind of skeeced of him You see answers they supp and

him. You see, snappers they suap and of you don't look out they'll bite off your fingers. I don't know if I dast take hold of him.

TURCO POKED HIS HEAD OUT AND SNAPPED AT THE STICK. "Get a stick. Brother, and tease him | right before him, with the boats going up "The river! The river!" Turco cried and when he opened his mouth he dropped off the stick, and his jaws were too tired to snap any more.

a little."

The Boy got a stick and poked Turco, and Turco tucked his head and feet and tall all inside his shell, because he was just as afraid as the Boy was.

But pretty soon, as the stick kept poking into him he forget about being scared, and he forget about being tired, and he grew as angry as only a snapping turile knows how to get. The Boy went cautiously around and picked him up by the sides of his shell, where Turco's head couldn't reach, and dropped him into an old boat, with moss and pebbles and water in it.

He put his head out and snapped at the stick, and he snapped so hard that he broke it.
"Get a bigger one," said Little Sister.
Two crawfish scuttled out of his reach and hid behind a stone.
The water felt good, but Turco was lonesome. He couldn't see the river after So the Boy got a bigger one, and Turco all, and then he wished Pedra was with napped again, and fairly dug his teeth in and then he wished he hadn't come at all.

"If he'll stick on we can carry him He crawled under a pig piece of moss."

The Boy lifted and Turco held on, and so, dangling from the end of the stick, he was carried along the road, just in the direction he wanted to go.

All of a sudden he saw the blue water, and cried a little.

How Webster Managed to Get Even

knows how to get.

cannot see this nation, but you can discover which one it is by playing the

from one object to anoth er.

oped between the young people, and

started off shead of the other boys.

kid?" David called out

Start from any of the squares at the top and work downward in regular

If you can find the right o bjects on the board and place them in the

ster, as the two dripping forms emerged from the water.

Story of a Pet Gander.

A gentleman noted for his fondness for pets lived on a farm in Kentucky. One

just outside the stable door attracted his

The three Darrell boys first met the ly, and they whistled and sang as one

HE Darrells and the Wights lived | sent them whisking to hide in a dark attention, and curiosity led him to lift not very far apart. But the two farms lay on the opposite sides of a Harvey were on their homeward way. The evening had been apent pleasant-

the barrel.

Out rushed a large white gander, hissing, flapping his wings and uttering a succession of discordant squawks. It turned out that some neighbor had put him there for a joke at the expense of the lover of pets.

After a few days of wildness, "Major," as his new master called him, settled down with the evident intention of mak-

ing the best of his companionless from his owner's hand, and followed him to the fields, walking majestically up and down the rows of tobacco, so that by night his wings were covered with the black gum from the leaves. For a roosting place he chose the fern bed under his master's window, heralding

the dawn of each morning with a note that never failed to rouse his induigent

ing, while his master was looking after the horses. Major ventured too near the heels of a vicious thoroughbred that gave him such a violent kick that he was

Dissolve ordinary soda in a glass of water, putting in as much soda as the water will take up. Then the a common bean to a string and let it hang in the water so that it will be entirely submerged. The best way to do this is to the the other end of the string to a piece of wire or something similar that can be laid across the top of the tumbler.

Before long a curious thing will happen to the bean. It begins to cover itself with tiny spines, until at last it looks like a

tiny porcupine.

The explanation is simple. The bean is very porous and soaks up a lot of water, but the soda in the water cannot enter the bean and stays outside. A funny thing can be shown by hang-

ing some object that is not porous along-side of the bean, such as a piece of glass. Long after the bean has disappeared un-der its accumulation of soda crystals the bit of glass will remain the same as it

Spoiling of the Fun.

What a lot of fun I'd have if folks would only trust. Us boys, and not eay all the time. "You really mustn't must

All the things most nice to do Happen to be just The very kind that grown-up folks Say we mustn't must.

three Wight girls at a spelling school closely followed the other upon the in the little brick schoolhouse. After narrow bridge. When the middle of it was reached there came a loud crack, Climbing up the apple tree, Playing in the dust. Playing in the bully rain the music ended abruptly, and there David thought a whole lot of Jadice, low.

"I told you I'd get even," said Web-

My Father.

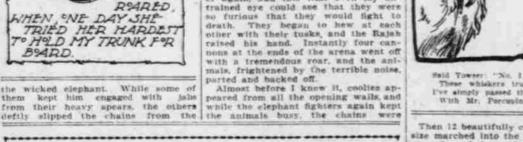
If I was only big as him You bet I wouldn't care.







the wicked elephant. While some of them kept him engaged with jabs



and they went at each other.

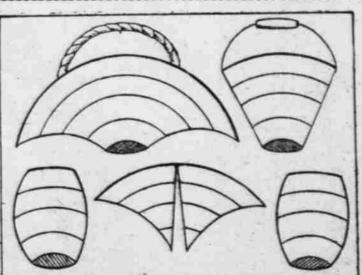
The monsters met in the middle of
the arena, and they struck foreheads
with a smash that sounded almost like
a locomotive collision. Neither yielded an inch. For a few minutes shoy

pushed and shoved, and then they backed away, raced around the arena once, and came together with a great-

er shock than before.

Three times the raging beasts met and parted. Then they locked togeth-

er again, and this time even my un



A LITTLE GAME OF PATTERNS.

the basket barrels, pail and fan and join them after removing the ban



Then 12 beautifully clad men of great size marched into the arena. The gate opened, and in rushed a rogue ele-phant. Straight at the men he charged, with his trunk raised and his great white tusks ready. They paried he-fore his charge, and immediately closed n behind him again.

Now began a most thrilling dance with death. The big men danced before the crazy monster, waved their garments in his face, and dodged him when it seemed as if he were just ready to stamp them to nothing. Sev-eral times the men actually ran under his legs as he ran down on them, and his vast trunk came down with a crack on the very spot where they had been only the wink of an eye before.

only the wink of an eye before.

More than once the elephant fighters cut it too fine and were forced to escape through one of the openings in the wall. Once the elephant caught the spear of a fighter and broke it up as a boy would break a toothpick. Another time the elephant came down on top of a man who slipped as he tried to dodge, and while he lay flat the monster charged with his tusks. Just as it seemed as if nothing would save him, the cannon went off again, and the elephant paused just long enough for the

man to escape.

After this there came a fight between a man on borseback and an elephant.

Whenever the brute got too close to the Solution of Last Sunday's Missing horse, the rider would race around a small round tower that stood in the arenn. The elephant could not get around

not to be outdone, wrote notes to little nerves, sometimes making him com-Jennie and presented her with rolls of peppermint lozenges whenever night he is freed from the strain and blinking of his eyes, and under the full moon he sees with perfect clearscanty stock of pocket money would warrant such extravagance. When Summer came David and Harvey built a foot bridge across the riv-Some people in Cheshire any that he er, and thus were enabled to reach the Wight farm very easily. They never would allow Webster to go with them. This unkindness rankled deeply in his

Of course the challenge will be taken up.

Then you need take only a sheet of thin pasteboard—a visiting card is the bestand punch a tiny hole in it with a pin.
Give it to any one in the gathering and tell him to hold the card up toward a strong light so that the little hole will be about eight inches from the eye. Then give him the pin and tell him to hold it, head up, between his eye and the hole in the card.

This is what he will see. The pin that he is holding will seem to vanish, and instead of it there will be an image of a pin upside down in the air behind the little hole in the card. No matter who tries it, the result will be the same.

Then you need take only a sheet of thin pasted of it they bear it would be useless to protest but his voice was choked with rage as he shouted after them:

Till get even with you fellers, see if I don't.

"You almost scare me," said David. And Harvey advised him to get out his spelling book and study the word "able.

Mournfully Webster took off the new with you fellers, see if I don't.

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And Harvey advised him to get out his spelling book and study the word was protest.

The said them to you almost scare me," said David.

This was he shouted after them

Word Puzzles.

n. The elephant could not get around The word that was missing in last Sunas fast as the horse, and the rider day's picture verse was HEX.